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No loved one near, to soothe his aching form,  
To cool his parching lips, now and anon,  
Alone, his ebbing sands must slowly run.  
Could all the glories of the battle field,  
A fame, an honor, or a substance yield,  
That e'er could cheer your hearts, as he had done ?  
Ah no ! And yet upon that bloody plain,  
There lies not one, in all that mangled heap  
Who leaves not parents, sisters, friends, to weep.  
Go now, fond mother, teach your darling boy  
The arts of war ; cause his aspiring soul  
To shout at martial pomp ; to cheer the roll  
Of stirring drum. Let every little toy  
Point to this end ; let not his shouts of joy  
Be mingled with thoughts of dying groans,  
But tell of laurels o'er the pathway strown  
Of Conquerors. Go deck your baby boy  
In soldier's garb, the feather in his cap,  
And place within his hands the mimic gun,  
The sword, the spear, aye, last of all, the drum;  
Teach him to train, to fight with this or that  
In mimic fray, then hear his dying moan  
On yonder battle-field, unheard, unknown.

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## WAR.

“ War is the fashion of a former age  
Of which the scholar reads with solemn wonder,  
And mutely pities, as he turns the page,  
The madness that kept man and man asunder.

The weak dwell safely ; right prevails o'er might ;  
Law binds its subjects with a moral fetter ;  
All for some end of general good unite,  
And strive to make the world they live in better ”

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

A BATTLE-FIELD.—Stand in imagination, on a summer's morning, upon a field of battle. Earth and sky melt together in light and harmony. The air is rich with fragrance, and sweet with the song of birds ; but suddenly break in the sounds of fierce music, and the measured tramp of thousands. Eager squadrons shake the earth with thunder, and files of bristling steel kindle in the sun ; and opposed to each other, line to line, face to face, are now arrayed men whom God has made in the same likeness, and whose nature he has touched to the same issues. The same heart beats in all. In the momentary hush, like a swift mist, sweeps before them the image of home ; voices of children prattle in their ears ; memories of affection stir among their silent prayers. They cherish the same sanctities, too. They have read from the same book. It is to them the same charter of life

and salvation. They have been taught to observe its beautiful lessons of love. Their hearts have been touched alike with the meek example of Jesus. But a moment, and all these affinities are broken, trampled under foot, swept away by the shock and shouting. Confusion rends the air; the simmering bomb plows up the earth; the iron hail cuts the quivering flesh; the steel bites to the bone; the cannon shot crashes through serried ranks; and under the clouds of smoke that hide both earth and heaven, the desperate struggle goes on.

The day wanes, and the strife ceases. On the one side there is victory, on the other defeat. The triumphant city is lighted with jubilee, the streets roll out their tides of acclamation, and the organ heaves from its groaning breast the peal of thanksgiving; but under that tumultuous joy there are bleeding bosoms and inconsolable tears; and, whether in triumphant or defeated lands, a shudder of orphanage and widowhood, a chill of wo and death, runs far and wide through the world. The meek moon breaks the dissipating veil of the conflict, and rolls its calm splendor above the dead.

And see now how much wo man has mingled with the inevitable evils of the universe! See now the fierceness of his passion, the folly of his wickedness, witnessed by the torn standards, the broken wheels, the pools of clotted blood, the charred earth, the festering heaps of slain! Nature did not make these horrors; and, when these fattened bones shall have mouldered in the soil, she will spread out luxuriant harvests, and hide these horrors for ever.

**QUERIES TO RED REFORMERS.**—What did the Republicans of England gain by beheading Charles I., and committing other acts of violence? They gained a keener relish for blood and power. They gained the hatred and abhorrence of the upper classes. They gained a recompense in their own coin, when the seed they had sown brought forth its harvest. They gained the dread and distrust of posterity, who prefer limited monarchy to rough-shod, sanguinary republicanism. They gained ages of infamy for the *name*, if not the very cause of Republicanism.

What did the Republicans of France gain by beheading Louis XVI., and his contemporary nobles? They gained a ranker appetite for proscription, persecution and war. They gained a reign of terror, anarchy, blood-thirstiness and military despotism. They gained the loss of their own heads at the hands of each successive faction. They gained all that good and wise men detest. They gained a never-ending series of bloody revolutions for their country, in which folly, tyranny and perfidy may be enacted by fresh aspirants at convenience. They gained the falsification and frustration of all their high sounding professions. The nostrils of humanity loathe the stench of their abominations.

What did Monarchy and Nobility lose by the beheading of Charles I., Louis XVI., and a host of peers? They lost, for a time, a little nominal power. They lost some of their ignorance, indolence and imbecility. They lost their blind confidence in the veneration and docility of their subjects. They lost the reputation of being intolerable tyrants and oppressors. And what did they gain? They gained the sympathy of millions. They gained the precious capital of those Royal martyrdoms at the hands of Republicans, which is worth to them, among the stable classes of society, what cannot be estimated in gold. They gained completer power over their subjects, together with the vigilance, shrewdness and ability to maintain their authority against all revolutionary machinations and assaults. Both Despotism and Republicanism have lost by shedding human blood. Each has gained by suffering violence at the hands of the other. So has religion gained by martyrdom, and lost by inflicting martyrdom. So must every cause to which

mankind may attach themselves. And yet, in spite of all history, reason, wisdom and love, we have *revolutionaries* and *reformers* shallow enough to imagine that, if they could shoot down a few conspicuous tyrants and evildoers, or win a battle or two from their enemies, they might easily regulate this disordered world, and give it a steady tendency towards universal happiness.

**A COMMON MISCONCEPTION CORRECTED.**—In alluding to the cause of Peace, we often speak of it as having been started soon after the downfall of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815; but we mean by such language merely that special associated efforts for abolishing the custom of international war, commonly understood by “the cause of Peace,” began at that time. So we speak of the Temperance cause, or the Missionary enterprize, both of which, like the cause of Peace, originated of course in Christianity itself; but special, associated efforts for those objects, commenced at a comparatively recent date, and have come to be designated, in common parlance, the cause of Temperance and the cause of Missions. We did not, till quite lately, suppose such a mode of speech liable to misconception, and certainly did not dream of denying, even by the slightest implication, to Erasmus, George Fox, or William Penn, the high praise due for their early and very efficient labors in this cause. It was under God, chiefly by their instrumentality, that the way was prepared for those specific efforts which now constitute “the cause of Peace.”

**HOME AFFAIRS.**—We have no space for these in detail, but must not omit one or two items of encouragement in our work, and of devout gratitude to God.

The liberality of our friends is seen in our acknowledgment of receipts for September, among which will be noticed, with special pleasure, the generous bequest of **FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS** from our late venerable friend, **ICHABOD SMITH**, of Orange, Ct. The notification from his Executors of their readiness to pay this large sum to our Society in accordance with his Will, took us by surprise, as he was a stranger to us; but, on looking over our file of letters for the last two years, we found one from him in a hand obviously tremulous with age, acknowledging the receipt of our tract, **A PLEA FOR PEACE WITH CHRISTIANS**, requesting one hundred copies for distribution, and saying he had visited most parts of the world as a seafaring man, had witnessed many of the evils of war, and had become convinced that the Cause of Peace was doing great good. It was doubtless this providential call of his attention to our Society, that led to his generous remembrance of our cause in the final disposition of his property; an example worthy of all imitation.

The question of *Substitutes for War* has been brought, under favorable auspices, before the Legislature of Vermont, now in session. Our Secretary had an interview with the Governor elect at St. Johnsbury, furnished the members of both branches of the Legislature, and of the Executive, with copies of our document on *Stipulated Arbitration as a Substitute for War*,

and also brought the subject to their attention by a brief Memorial of our Society, along with petitions coming from friends of Peace in the State. It is too early to learn the result; but, the object of his mission was received with every demonstration of favor alike by the Governor, Lieut. Governor, and all the members of each House whom he could see on the subject.

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*Receipts in September.*

Boston, A. Emerson,	\$5,00	Methuen, John Davis,	3 00
C. C. Barry,	5 00	Jos. F. Ingalls,	2 00
Franklin Rand,	2 00	Others in smaller sums,	6 00 11 00
Wm. A. White,	2 00	Athens, Ga., by J. J. Flournoy, viz.,	
J. Williams,	1 00	From his own family,	3 00
John Dorr,	20 00	From others,	4 00 7 00
Dracut, Mrs. George W. Thompson,	5 00	New Ipswich, N. H., Mrs. John Preston,	1 00
A Friend,	1 00	Roxbury, A. L. Dennison,	2 00
Col. in Rev. Mr. Thompson's Church,	5 00	Hill, N. H., Daniel Sawyer,	1 50
Haverhill, Sam. Chase,	10 00	Norwich, Ct., William P. Greene,	25 00
David Marsh,	5 00	R. Hubbard,	5 00
E. C. Ames,	3 00	B. W. Tompkins,	5 00
J. H. Duncan,	2 00	William Williams,	5 00
J. J. Marsh,	2 00	Wm. A. Buckingham,	5 00
Others,	3 00	F. A. Perkins,	2 00
radford, Benj. Greenleaf,	10 00	Charles Johnson,	3 00 50 00
James Kimball,	3 00	New London, Ct., Ezra Chappell,	6 00
William Hall,	2 00	Acors Barnes,	2 00
Jacob Kimball,	2 00	Charles Butler,	2 00
S. C. Sawyer,	2 00	I. Wilson,	2 00
Others in smaller sums,	8 75	A. M. Frink,	2 00
Georgetown, C. G. Tyler.	5 00	Others.	2 00 16 00
Geo. J. Tenny,	4 00	Rockville, Ct., Alonzo Bailey,	5 00
Mary Nelson,	2 00	Nelson Kingsbury,	2 00
Others in smaller sums,	16 00	Others,	3 00 10 00
Lawrence, Abiel Stevens,	2 00	Vernon, N. O. Kellogg,	3 00
Charles Stevens,	2 00	A Friend,	1 00 4 00
Luther E. Stevens,	1 00	West Killingly, Ct., J. T. Hutchins,	2 00
Exeter, N. H., Isaac Hurd,	5 00	A Friend,	1 00 3 00
Clarissa G. Odiorne,	5 00		
Others,	2 00		
Orange, Ct., Legacy of the late Ichabod Smith by the Executors,	500 00		
			\$746 25

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tracts, unbound, at 12 pp. for a cent. | Dymond on War, . . . . 25  
pham on Peace, . . . . 25 | Peace Manual, paper covers, 19—cloth, 25.

Jay's Review of Mexican War, cloth, 50c; paper covers, 30c. Livermore do. A very liberal discount for re-sale, or gratuitous distribution.

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